THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[Sung at the grand Union concert in Baltimore, Md., April 10, 1862.]

Rally 'round the flag, boys,
Give it to the breeze;
That's the banner we love
On the land and seas.
Brave hearts are under it,
Let the traitors brag,
Gallant lads, fire away,
And fight for the flag.

Chorus—Their flag is but a rag,
Ours is the true one;
Up with the Stars and Stripes,
Down with the new one;
Raise then the banner high,
Ours is the true one,
Up with the Stars and Stripes,
Down with the new one.
Let our colors fly, boys,
Guard them day and night,
For victory is liberty
And God will bless the right.

Floating high above us,
Glowing in the sun,
Speaking loud to all hearts
Of a freedom won.
Who dares to sully it
Bought with precious blood?
Gallant lads will fight for it
Though ours should swell the flood.

Chorus—Their flag is but a rag,
Ours is the true one, &c.
—*Baltimore American, April* 23, 1862.

Recollections of a Drummer Boy.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

Harry M. Keiffer, in St. Nicholas for January.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we *must* breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good-will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town-lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the Seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unsling knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowel in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap, and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, Color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double ——"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as at the command "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gaily flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

We drummer-boys sit on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-sod about *us* in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely cannot know, or they wouldn't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulance, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house, about three hundred yards ahead, and we start out for it—I on the lead and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of company C lying yonder in the grass—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters and plowing up a great furrow under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, wasn't it, now?" The bullets whistling overheard make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry man (Dennis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned—let history preserve the brave boy's name) who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt!

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved Brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears, rapidly advancing out of the woods a half-mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, boys, or, between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the new line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and bristling bayonets of our "Bucktail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its orignal position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon! For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However, partially protected by a post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed backward and forward over the field—scenes which we have had no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colors of the regiment on our right—our sister regiment, the One Hundred and Forty-ninth—have been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *melee* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colors and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and cheers and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant Colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie below, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine for himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard and the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man yonder in the grass, and I *must* see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt?" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell—Mother—Mother——"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever.

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the centre, the colors flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit—'t is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all the horses being disabled. The artillerymen load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the center of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-general, who early in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colors on that morning, but one hundred remain. All our field and staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge, under the open canopy of heaven.

FORGETFUL GUNNERS.

In a quiet nook of the royal castle at Berlin, not accessible to the general public, there is a small, plainly furnished room, known for more than two centuries past to the successive custodians of that ancient pile by the quaint designation of the Kugelkammer, or "Bullet Chamber." The origin of this title is due to the following curious historical incident: In the year 1631, Gustavus Adolphus, the heroic King of Sweden, sat down before Berlin, with his army, and opened peace negotiations with George William, then elector of Brandenburg, taking the precaution, however, to erect batteries in commanding positions within close range of the city enceinte, with a view to exercising a wholesome pressure upon the elector and his military advisers. Under these circumstances, George William promptly came to terms with his royal adversary; and the King, delighted at the success of his manoeuvre, instructed his artillerists beyond the walls to fire a grand feu-de-joie in honor of the treaty concluded between himself and the elector. His orders were at once obeyed, when, to the consternation of the Berlinese, a storm of missiles burst upon their house roofs. The gallant Swedes had forgotten to draw the balls from their cannon. Four of these ponderous shot penetrated the walls of the royal castle, and were subsequently dug out from their lodgments in different portions of the building, to be collected and ever after carefully preserved in the chamber, which, to this day, is named after them.

CURIOUS FACTS.

In bats, the heart is aided by rhythmic contraction of veins in the wings.

The butcher bird is said to impale its victims on thorns and devour them at leisure.

In Rome, bankrupts were condemned to wear in public black bonnets of a sugar-loaf form.

The ancient Chinese used hydropathy as a cure for certain diseases, among others chronic rheumatism.

In China, a lady's distorted foot, which, naked, looks something like a hoof, is called a "golden lily."

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the physic go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin
The brandy and the whisky.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dreams of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water;
Then you will be well,
Or at least you ought to.

QUEER PEOPLE.

A letter in the Raleigh *News and Observer* gives an interesting description of the sandy banks along the Hatteras coast, Dare county, North Carolina, and their inhabitants—sometimes known to inland people as "sand-lappers":

"The people of this region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much on and in the water that most of them, I am sure, are web-footed. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapin, and wild fowl. When they leave home they go in a boat; and whether they go to court, or go courting, or to trade, or to mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn-mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with windmills. They don't go up stairs but 'go aloft;' when they go to bed they 'turn in;' when they are ill they are 'under the weather;' and when they are in robust health they say they are 'bung up and bilge free.' They speak of their trim-built sweethearts as 'clipper built.' If one is a little stout they say she is 'broad in the beam,' or she is 'wide across the transom.' Many of them have ship's cabin doors in their houses that slide on grooves; and to their buildings they give a coating of tar, instead of painting them. The 'old woman' blows a conch shell when dinner is ready; and they measure time by 'bells.' Their babies are not rocked in cradles, but are swung in hammocks. They chew black pigtail tobacco, and drink a wild tea called 'Yaupon.' They manure their land with sea grass, and bury their yam potatoes in the sand-hills. When they want the doctor they hang a red flag against a hillside as a signal of distress. If he don't come, 'because the wind ain't fair,' they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their (web) feet in sea water, 'turn in,' and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sand-ridge; and when you see several sail-boats on the water in procession, with a flag at half mast, you are looking at a funeral. They ornament their houses with whales' ribs and jaws, shark's teeth, sword-fish snouts, devil-fish arms, saw-fish swords—six feet long—miniature ships, camphor-wood chests, Honduras gourds, spy-glasses, South American lariats, war clubs from the Mozambique Islands, Turkish pipes, West India shells, sandal-wood boxes, Chinese chessmen, Japanese fans, Madagascar idols, Australian boomerangs, and other strange, outlandish things. Their hogs are raised on clams, mussels, offal of fish, and garbage, and their cattle wade out on the shoals for miles, where the water covers their backs, to feed on sea-grass, and if they are carried to the up-country, and fed on corn and fodder, they will not live. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and she is always better than any other boat in some way. 'She is hard to beat in a gale of wind,' or 'before the wind,' or 'beating to windward,' or 'with the wind on the beam,' or 'she can sail closer to the wind,' or 'will carry sail longest,' or is 'hard to beat in a light wind,' or 'totes more stock,' or is 'stronger,' or 'drier,' or 'bigger,' or 'she is a big little boat,' or 'draws the least water,' or 'needs less ballast,' or 'she is the newest,' or 'has the best timbers,' or 'steers the best,' or 'she is a lucky boat,' or 'stands up better,' or 'needs less sail than any other boat,' or 'she is best for fishing,' &c. Perhaps 'she comes about better than any other boat.' She is bound to have something about her better than anybody else's boat."

DINNERS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

After the frequent notices we read in the papers of dinners at the Emperor's palace, and tables laid for 20 or more covers, it may not be uninteresting to learn something about the Emperor's table in general. Emperor William is in the habit of taking, about 7:30 a. m., a simple coffee with a large allowance of milk, and a couple of small breads without butter. At one o'clock p. m., the second breakfast (lunch) is served, alternately cold or warm. The dinner takes place regularly at 5 o'clock. If the Emperor has one or two guests the table is simply set in the lower apartments of the palace, the *menu* remaining the same which he is wont to order for himself, consisting of four or five courses, which the *chef de cuisine* submits early in the morning and the Emperor approves of. If the dinner is a large one, the table is laid in the upper apartments. The invitations are given by the Emperor at an early hour, the arrangements of seats being then and there discussed with the court marshals. The invited guests receive their host in a saloon adjoining the dining-room where the latter salutes, and after a conversation of ten or fifteen minutes, precedes them to the table. The Emperor takes light claret or Moselle with soda-water, and coffee only occasionally after large dinners. A cup of tea, without cake or bread, after the theater, concludes the frugal repasts of the day. When the Empress is present the *menu* is submitted to her, and, except when a large party is invited, the Emperor takes his dinner in the Empress's apartments.—*American Register.*

SWEET-FLAG CANDY.

Sweet-flag candy is relished by all lovers of sweetmeats, and it is a valuable aid to digestion, as it will stop the disagreeable rising of gas, so annoying to dyspeptics. Being eaten greedily by children, it is often better than other medicine. A bit held in the mouth when one is caring for the sick will often counteract the effect of contagious germs. To prepare it, take fresh, healthy roots of sweet-flag, and after a careful washing, cut in slices one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Put them in a stew-pan or bright basin, and pour a little more cold water over them. Set on the stove and heat slowly; when the water boils turn it off. If the candy is desired for medicine, quite enough of the strength has been removed, but for a sweet-meat it is better if boiled up and the water turned off four or five times. Now measure the sliced roots, and to each two cupfuls allow one and a half cupfuls of white sugar, turn on water enough to cover, return to the stove and simmer slowly, stirring often until the water has quite boiled away; then turn out on buttered plates, and stir frequently until dry. The long simmering after the sugar is added makes the roots quite tender, and the candy will keep fresh and nice for years.—*Country Gentleman.*

In an edition of Ptolemy's geography, 1540, a double-tailed mermaid figures in one of the plates.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

The gross weight of diamonds contained in packages passed through the Kimberly post-office in 1880 was 1,440 pounds 12 ounces avoirdupois, the estimated value being £3,867,897. These figures compare with 2,174 pounds and £2,848,631 in 1878; 1,150 pounds and £2,672,744 in 1878; 903 pounds and £2,112,127 in 1877, and 775 pounds and £1,807,332 in 1876. The annual value of the mines in the Kimberly division owned at the end of 1880 by the government and the London and South African Exploration Company, is estimated as follows: Kimberly, £4,000,000; Old de Beers, £2,000,000; De Toit's Pan, £2,000,000; Bultfontein, £2,500,000. At the end of last year 22,000 black and 1,700 white men were employed at these mines. From the Kimberly and Old de Beer's mines alone diamonds to the extent of 3,200,000 karats are annually raised, while the other two mines above named yielded 3,800,000 karats last year. At the diggings on the Vaal River about 250 men were at work last year.—*Colonies and India.*

THE CRUEL KING OF GOLD.

In the village of Wang Ya in the district Ning Li, which is near Ningpo and the Chusan Isles, so renowned for piratical exploits, stands the castle of a pirate chief named Kwang-king-man. He is head of a strong nest of pirates and he styles himself King of King-man, which signifies the King of Gold. Kwang-king-man is a native of Ningpo of the Ninghai district. He is an unusually powerful man and can lift with ease weights more fitted for a Milo than an ordinary man. He is proficient in the use of all warlike weapons and can use the rifle as well as the bow and arrow with equal and remarkable effect.

It happened while Kwang-king-man was acting as a "brave" that his father was arrested by the government for some offense and shortly afterwards beheaded. Kwang-king-man, who declared his father innocent of the crime imputed to him, was so enraged at his execution that he swore to devote his life to revenge his death and take revenge on the imperialists. He shortly put the design into execution. He established a rendezvous and stronghold and gathered around him a large number of followers. His arsenal was made complete and a factory for gunpowder was established. On the 3d day of the Sixth moon of this year he suddenly entered the city of Ningpo with his followers. His plan of action had been determined by the reports of his spies. In the night time of the date already given his band marched toward the prison, forced open the doors thereof and freed the prisoners, all of whom joined the pirate's gang. The next day the pirate chief perpetrated a more daring act. With a few hundred men he descended upon the Whoopin Lekin tax board, killed the officials and carried off the money. He spared, however, the head official, whose nose he cut off so that he might return to his superiors and inform them of what the pirate chief had done and what the nature of his future enterprises would be.

His exploits on the water are truly marvelous. It is said that he can stop for twenty hours at a time in the water when either in pursuit of or when flying from his foes. Recently when a captain with three hundred men attacked the robbers the pirate king dived from his boat and killed the captain with a "seu-tzer," a kind of a sleeve catapult, a weapon in the use of which the pirate was most skillful. He then beheaded him, and the assailants losing their leader desisted from further fighting, after having acquitted themselves with creditable valor and having lost considerably. The pirate chief is not only an expert in the use of this weapon, but he employs with equal effect a cross-bow furnished with a bullet instead of a bolt. Since this last engagement no one has been hardy enough to disturb this ruthless free-booter.—*Shanghai Courier.*

HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.—Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger dripping with blood and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is acquainted. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of helps in trouble, and tack it on the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations. There is nothing better for a cut than powdered resin. Get a few cents worth of resin, pound it until it is fine, and put it in an empty clean pepper or spice box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut; put a soft cloth around the injured member, and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn, the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burnt part in it. It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time—a little bottle of peppermint in case of colic, chloride of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion, and a bottle of brandy. Have them ranged so that you could go to them in the dark and reach the right remedy; but be sure never to do it, even if you know they have not been disturbed; always light the lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember that pistols are always loaded, and that poison may be put in the place of peppermint.

IN A paper read at the Medical Society of Victoria, Australia, Dr. Day stated that, having for many years regarded diphtheria, in its early stage, as a purely local affection characterized by a marked tendency to take on putrefactive decomposition, he has trusted most to the free and constant application of antiseptics, and, when their employment has been adopted from the first, and been combined with judicious alimentation, he has seldom seen blood-poisoning ensue. In consequence of the great power which salt possesses in preventing the putrefactive decomposition of meat and other organic matter, Dr. Day has often prescribed for diphtheritic patients living far away from medical aid the frequent use of a gargle composed of a tablespoonful or more of salt dissolved in a tumbler of water, giving children who cannot gargle a teaspoonful or two to drink occasionally. Adults to use the gargle as a prophylactic three or four times a day.